A SUMMER JAUNT IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

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[A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GENERAL SHERMAN.]

OLD BEGGAR AT ST. PETERS.

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It is Saturday morning, August twenty-third, and we have been one week on our journey. This is the same placid village of St. Peters that locked us into the rock-bound canal, yet there is an unusual excitement on deck. Lying on the hill-side is a most artistic tramp, who seems to excite merriment, and, as the boat is made fast, he raises himself with difficulty and then totters down the hill. His age must be quite seventy, and a white, matted fringe borders a complete desert on top of his head, which is far from clean. Tattered, patched and torn are the garments that are stuffed here and there with straw, whilst his old shoes are mangers. His picture will describe him better than my pen, but his expression of cynical, humorous disdain beggars both. He holds forth to the passengers upon his blindness and begs for pennies.

A Scotch priest explains that this is all a farce. Our fine tramp is a farmer, neither poor nor blind, but a consummate actor, and this is his stage. "I am well acquainted with Wolfe; he was a Prooshan, and came over without a ticket, while Montcalm paid money, money!" As he knelt for his photograph, with his hand on his heart, he exclaimed, in dramatic tones: "My name is George, G-O-R-G. You are quite welcome, but I trust to your generosity as a gentleman;" this being addressed to the photographer, who was deaf and dumb, amused the crowd. We leave the funny creature declaiming upon the wharf, cross St. Peters Bay, pass Isle Madam, and gliding by the long procession of quiet, rural hamlets once again, enter the Strait of Canso.

There on the port side is Terminal City, which is to be the future starting-point of the trans-Atlantic steamers. They claim they can save a day in time between New York and Liverpool with two days less ocean travel, for here they are a thousand miles nearer England. The trip by rail from New York will be made short and comfortable (shorter and more comfortable would mean nothing). As English capital is invested, there will probably be no pains spared, though their projects seem extremely slow in completion to a "go-ahead-ative American."

Before leaving the *Marion*, on which we have spent two such charming days, I must recall the uniform courtesy shown us throughout Cape Breton, including every person aboard this cosy river boat, from the tidy maid who rushes over the inevitable list of pies, to the captain and steward. We have been amidst the Scotch, some few French, many English and even some Irish. Is the quiet the cause of their good manners, or why is it that at home our serenity is constantly imperiled by the absurd rudeness of hotel clerks and ticket-sellers? Even Mr. O. W. Holmes admits his humility before these mighty magnates.

SLOW TRAVELLING.

We are at Mulgrave and rush for mail, this being our first chance of receiving letters. The post-office, to our horror, is three-quarters of a mile away, and we leave in twenty minutes, or at ten-twenty. The station-master kindly offers to forward my letters to Pictou, "but they cannot get there till Tuesday," he adds, and we will leave there Monday evening. "Forward them to Quebec," I say in feeble tones. What rapid service in Her Majesty's country—ninety-four miles by rail in three days. We are travelling slowly—very slowly—with seven hours to go the aforesaid ninety-four miles. But why hurry in this land of peace? We may disturb the pretty sheep that graze with the herds of cattle on the hill-side. The mutton of the country is famous, and deservedly so, as we have constantly attested. Then, too, the travellers could not make a lunch upon the berries or plucked flowers did not this accommodating express-train loiter on its way, resting occasionally some twenty minutes. Then we are in good time at New Glasgow for a two o'clock dinner, served with inappropriate impetuosity, so that, positively, from soup to "tawts" (tarts) inclusive, ten minutes barely elapse. We are to change cars here, and I insist upon squandering a good half-hour on the dinner. We leave New Glasgow at three-ten—or "thereabouts," as we had learned to expect.

Why did I mention the deliberation of that flying train we have just left? It was lightning speed compared to this, which absolutely crawls *backward*. We continued to expect it suddenly to switch off and go forward at some speed, but the comical situation so amuses the American tourists that jokes flow back and forth, but not a person rights his seat. The clear morning has gone through the different stages of wet fog, and develops, through falling mist, to pouring rain, in which, at half-past five, we back into Pictou. Not a vehicle in sight, but the ever-ready small boy lugs the traps, whilst in Mackintoshes we tramp along. A pleasant fellow-passenger on the *Marion* has recommended a certain hotel—being Christians, we forgive her—explaining her deception by the fact that she knew only the landlady, who was really very nice indeed. Primitive would be too mild a term to describe this inn; so let it pass to our credit that we remain so long without one growl, eat of the pies and cakes abundantly, even pick up—thanks to the hostess—a recipe for excellent corn-bread, but whisper in the far-off country woods of our discomfort. This is most unkind of me, for nothing can be more attentive than our entertainers, and our bill for two days is four dollars and fifty cents.

Sunday morning at Pictou is the warmest day we have had and is intensely sultry. Going to a large brick church high on the hill overlooking Pictou and its harbor, we find the congregation large and men predominate, which is at least unusual. So far Pictou has impressed us as very shabby and very unattractive, but a long bracing walk into the country, after a ten-minute dinner, quite alters our opinions. Its situation, suburbs and bay are picturesque. Constantly in view, the sparkling water makes the undulating fields more intensely green, whilst the groves of water-willows and of every species of pine, hemlock and spruce form shady and fragrant avenues. One garden-like farm joins another, and the houses seem as fresh and attractive as the fields. We turn reluctantly back to the shabby town, but our eight-mile walk furnishes the needful sauce for a homely supper.

Monday ushers in the week with heavy rains, which before noon have given place to the brightest sunlight, and the day passes quietly. At eight-thirty we go aboard the *Mirimichi*, which lies at the wharf in the peaceful, pretty harbor. The moon struggles through rifts of vaporous clouds, glinting the lapping waves in long trembling lines. The town seems already slumbering, so still it lies in its dark foliage, and the long line of softly outlined shore is only occasionally dotted with twinkling lights. The hush of the scene prevails, even over the passengers who come aboard so quietly until at ten o'clock all is ready to leave. From a sail-boat becalmed (all life here seems calmed by a mighty spell) come subdued sounds of merriment.

Now a row-boat glides out from the shadow of a ship or wharf and draws a glittering train abaft. We move smoothly away and pass the narrow entrance to the harbor with its crimson sentinel lights. As clouds pale the moonlight the mysterious phantom shores recede from view. The state-rooms presenting a much more inviting appearance than our late quarters we separate in anticipation of delicious slumber. We are in Northumberland Strait, off the coast of Prince Edward's Island, when the fresh morning breeze through my port-hole lures me on deck. Five o'clock by my small time-piece is really four in these regions, so there are few stirring, though we are nearing our first stop, Summerside. My fellow traveler joins me as we make the landing and we go ashore to see Prince Edward's Island. The land is flat, and but for occasional small groves of evergreens there is a dearth of trees. The land seems fertile, for there are fairly good farms, but the village of Summerside is desolate.

The suburbs, instead of the prettily shaded white cottages of Cape Breton, are straggling, unpainted shanties, forlorn yards and dismal-looking people. No way-side well or pump tempts us, for barrels catch the rain-water, or are sunk uninvitingly in the running streams, from one of which a tiny, tattered maiden is carrying a filled bucket.

A young "slip" of a boy comes singing down the road. I listen with some curiosity, hoping to hear an English ditty but I distinctly understand the word "McGinty," to my horror. So it was that even in the romantic isle of Cape Breton the tune of "Annie Rooney" was constantly wafted over the murmuring waters of the Bras D'Or.

As we leave Summerside, with which we have no longing to be better acquainted, we see to the south, our course being west, the low and broken shores of New Brunswick. The day is delicious, mildly fresh, with filmy clouds subduing the sun's glare, and to the north are the farms and fields of the island.

Our breakfast is excellent, and the attentive *garçons* advise us to take our napkins with us in their birch bark rings, in order to be sure to have the same ones for dinner.

At eight bells, or four o'clock in the afternoon, we lose sight of land, yet there is no disagreeable motion whatever.

TRAVELLING BY NIGHT.

Later, from the deck it is charming, the water all aflame as the great red sun drops into it and the crescent rises cold and silvery from its rich bosom. The color dies and the stars feebly shine, whilst our train is a sparkling sheen.

At midnight the deck is quite dark, with only a few tourists trying to keep warm in the lee of the smoke-stacks. The moon is a russet orange, from which the great bear must have had a bite, and long lines of clouds streak its face. It is close upon our stern horizon, and before many moments will go down into the liquid darkness, whilst before us a huge castle in grim, bare rock rises far out from the rugged coast of Percé. High it towers two hundred and eighty feet straight toward the skies, bare but for the myriad birds that build and live upon it. The five hundred feet of its length are divided between the gulls and cormorants who wage perpetual war over their territorial boundaries. A tunnel pierces its base, through which small boats can pass, and now the foam-topped waves dance and splash beneath its arched roof. Before it stands an obelisk that once made a part of the gigantic rock, but has been severed by the battling sea.

Our deck is quite full of enthusiastic lovers of the wonderful and beautiful. Around the rock we swing into the unsafe harbor of Percé, and a rattling sound is followed by the splash of the anchor. Row-boats leave the village wharf, a mile away, and under the starlit sky these mystic water-witches creep up to our leeward side. Ropes are thrown to them, and then ensues a most curiously foreign scene. One boat, rowed by two stout French fishermen, brings us a dozen passengers; then follow, from this same broad boat, their trunks, portmanteaux, satchels, valises and every variety of luggage. Another boat is being unloaded by great pulley-ropes over the side, of boxes and bundles, to an endless number. Packed fish! This weird scene continues with variations, glittering lanterns, quick jabbering of French jokes and laughter, but never a groan or a curse. From one boat two huge baskets of fresh fish are sent aboard, and for half an hour at intervals a man calls: "*Cherchez les paniers vides!*" When the paniers are finally thrown to him from deck one goes overboard into the blackness; yet only a joke and a merry search for it follow, and off they go, bending to the oars. Eight large boats, broader and deeper than the Rhode Island "cat-boat," thus unloaded, the anchor is up, and off we softly move.

As the rocky coast was disappearing in the darkness, a curious tourist coming on deck accosted a fellow-passenger in a sleepy, aggrieved tone:

"Where's that rock business anyhow?"

"You're too early, my friend; turn in and take another nap. It's finer by daylight," answered his obliging informer. "Scenery at two A.M. doesn't pay!"

And he went below to finish his dreams.

GASPÉ BAY.

At daylight we have rounded Point St. Peter and entered the lovely Bay of Gaspé, passing a mountainous coast with fishing villages on one hand and a sloping shore on the other. We reach the picturesque village, which scatters its neat, tiny villas on the steep hill-side, and all the rounded harbor is bordered by tempting rural houses. What a contrast with shabby Summerside and its dreary surroundings! A good, bracing walk up the hilly road in the sparkling air is delicious; the water view and wooded heights beyond are beautiful. After two hours of loading and unloading, we turn about and sail out of the harbor, and then out of the bay. The shores rise higher, and the fishermen's huts look perilously insecure perched on the slopes, whilst down

at the water's edge nestle the boat-houses, with ladders or rude wooden steps leading to the houses on the cliffs. Little boats dot the bay, with fishermen at work. The gardens are limited, whilst the sparse pastures are sprinkled with soft, woolly balls of grazing sheep.

Now, with a hazy outline of the great rock Percé in the south, we reach Cape Gaspé; seven hundred feet out of the water rise these perpendicular, rocky ramparts of gray sandstone, cleft and broken marvelously. The grandeur is enhanced by the water surroundings, and the views this morning are worth coming far to see. Just at the point a few feet from the land is a great rock with a strange outline. The French have called it "*La Vielle*," and in truth it is the Sphynx in perfection. A little above there used to be another head, but the same elements that chiseled it have now destroyed it.

The day is in every way enchanting. The hilly outline, wooded and beautiful, undulates in graceful contour against the blue sky banked with snow-white clouds. Close to the water are shelving banks, left for the happy fishing settlements. Birds fly in flocks about us; and quickly, almost touching the surface of the water, wild white ducks glide like the wind.

A dark formation juts suddenly from the water, and there follows a stretch of wild, desolate shore, making endless variety. Thus the pageant of passing hills continues all day as we sit idly content upon our pleasant deck. Where there is available level space hamlets mark the shore, each with its white chapel, and from every distinct settlement, heavy rowboats come out to bring passengers and cargo.

We have taken boat-loads of codfish aboard and many barrels of cod-liver oil, as these form their principal export trade. Good-nature, prompt work and perfect quiet characterize every scene.

How fond we have become of the *Mirimichi*, where all is clean, orderly, comfortable and conspicuously quiet. A blockade-runner during our war, built by the English, she is now manned by French Canadians, and constantly carries Americans on pleasure excursions. The food is good, blueberries, milk, fish and other provisions are always fresh, coming from shore several times each day.

The captain is all courtesy, even offering us his marine glasses for distant objects; but the stewardess is a character. Dressed in a black frock, a flowered apron of peculiar design reaching from neck to feet, and a most rakish, checkered double-visored cap, with her short, straight hair and her comical, Scotch face, she is a picture. Without being tiresome, she converses in her droll way and considers us all her tender charges. The main deck forms a fine walk, it being clear all the way round, and it is thoroughly appreciated. The day clouds over before sunset, and by bed-time it is raining softly.

Our third morning abroad begins with rain and fog—yet there is a prospect of clearing—but the shores are less interesting. When it does clear it has turned so cold that it is no longer comfortable sitting on deck, and walking is doubly agreeable. The Saguenay River is pointed out as we pass, but we only distinguish a mountainous coast, and little more is visible on the other side at Rivière du Loup. The air is wonderfully clear as the sun descends behind the hills, whilst above the opposite shores the full harvest moon mounts proudly into view, and the silver light replaces the crimson glow which gradually fades. The stars shine pale overhead, and brigs, barks and sloops glide by us like phantom ships. We pass the light-ships dressed with yellow lights, whilst more and more of the sailing craft, with their single star-like lights, fill the river. There is a stiff breeze, and, though we are ahead of time, the captain has rigged up two great sails forward and we fairly fly. It is very hard to go below for prosaic slumber, leaving all the loveliness.

QUEBEC.

When we arise in the morning we are at Quebec. Over the towers and embattlements of a war-like city hangs the moon, bathing the terraced hills in its enchanting beams. We are at the low, broad wharf at four o'clock, and soon the moon has resigned her sway to the rising sun. The day is bright and cool as we leave the *Mirimichi* at six o'clock and for twenty-five cents are taken in a carriage with our traps to the steamer *Canada*, bound for the Saguenay.

We have fine state-rooms on the port forward upper deck. The boat is like the Sound steamers, not so elaborate, but as completely comfortable, except for lack of electric lights and good walking-space. At seven-thirty we start, retracing our course of last night toward the Saguenay River. We pass Isle Orleans, which is covered with a succession of French villages, neat and attractive. The brightly painted houses look like toys that have been arranged to please a juvenile fancy and as if they could be carried off in a box like the children's Noah's ark.

The isle is low but intensely green, the upper part being still in dense forest. Beyond are the Laurentian Hills, with Mount St. Ann's high head two thousand six hundred and eighty-seven feet above us. Some of our fellow-passengers of the *Mirimichi* are aboard. There are many strangers, though the summer travelling is almost over. As we pass the island, we follow the rugged north shore, patched with sunlight and cloud-shadows. At two o'clock we stop at Murray Bay, a cosy-looking resort, where, upon the wharf, is a crowd of summer-guests, evidently not natives. From here we cross the river, still keeping down stream until we approach the attractive little town of Rivière du Loup (or, according to custom, "River de Loo").

This is an important railway center, and the wharf is some distance from the village. What a pretty scene! Upon the edge of a long pier, close to the ship's deck, is arrayed bright-colored straw-work, great baskets full, over which bend the earnest dark faces, Indian and French, of the venders. The passengers have crowded to the point of interest and enter gayly into trade. Here a sweet grass-basket, there a pair of white seal moccasins or dainty fan is purchased, the conversation being in French. And as we move away, the gay shawls and colored gowns of these women, with their variegated goods, are like great beds of coleus. Six miles from Rivière du Loup is Cacouna, the favorite summer resort of Canada. At five o'clock we are opposite the entrance of the Saguenay, and beyond the sun is setting gloriously. At six o'clock the mountains are casting the sun's warm rays aside, to meet the cold beams of the rising moon fresh from the water's depths. Great gloomy rocks to the west guard the fathomless Saguenay, whilst its eastern shore is smooth, shelving, sand-colored stone. Cosily about the wharf, half hidden, cluster the villas of Tadousac, and from the landing "L'ance a L'Eau" we see Lord Dufferin's summer abode, and nearer the large salmon fisheries. But we leave all for to-morrow's visit by daylight. On we glide up the water *cañon*, with the silver wake of the moon lighting up one cliff or bluff and throwing its giant neighbor into black shadow. Stars reflected in the wrinkled water blink back at stars above in solemn stillness. After nine o'clock the cold is intense, so we don wraps and blankets in Indian fashion and remain on deck. Awed into speechless admiration and wonder, we behold Trinity merged in mystic light and Eternity outlined in its immensity against the vivid sky; gushing streams leap from their rocky haunt lost in white spray into the "river of death." "The great works of Nature, and mountains most of all, have power to make one noisy moment seem years in the being of—Eternal Silence."

The approach of midnight recalls us to the consciousness of needed sleep and to our warm comfortable state-rooms. At 2 A. M. we touch at Chicontimé, the end of the trip, and, returning to St. Alphonse on Ha Ha Bay, remain several hours.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES AND GO AT IT."

We are a new race; we are the creatures of a new era, not perfectly risen, but dawning upon us. Never yet has mankind stood in the position which we occupy—so full of knowledge, so full of the past—of a past unparalleled in the history of civilization. The art of printing, at its origin, re-peopled the world; from that hour man was called to another destiny, distinct from that of his former generation. A general principle assumed a universal power, and was assured of a certain if slow result. Wisdom, no longer confined to the cabinet of the scribe or the cloister of the monk, ceased to be a mere speculation; it became an active force, and was doomed, of necessity, to become a sovereign ruler. Its career forms a variety of epochs; we have passed through many; we are entering upon one—not of thought, not of meditation. Those who have preceded have thought and meditated for us; we are entering upon an epoch in which it is our part to act. The plans of one generation are left for the next to execute. Society travels faster than the law. We should do the work that is ready to our hands. Work—cheerful, vigorous, systematic *work*—is the thing now most needed. So, let everybody roll up his sleeves and go at it.

"SOLD FOR NAUGHT."

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Under the shadow of the Westmoreland laburnum-trees, crowned with their golden wealth of blossoms, Eleanor Raby waited for her lover. Yet few would have guessed it, for on her face was the shadow of doubt and perplexity, instead of the light of love; and her irresolute movements betrayed a heart ill at ease.

"I am going to be a fool again," she murmured. "And the worst of it is, I like the folly."

And there were few girls who would not have liked "the folly" represented by the handsome Antony Vaughan. Over the heathery hills she watched him coming now, his great black horse devouring the distance between them in long swinging strides, stopping neither "for break nor for stone," and taking the low garden wall in a well-distanced leap, which brought him almost to her side. Stately and handsome, brave and gentle, read in all the learning of the schools, what more did Eleanor want? All these "availed him nothing," while his poverty sat like a Mordecai in the gate. And so she had determined that, sweet as these meetings were, this should be the last; for this woman had the nature of Dian in the form of Venus, and not for love was she going to sacrifice the more tangible benefits of gold and position. Still, with his arms around her, and whispered words of endearment trembling from his lips to hers, it was hard to tell him so. The intoxication of his presence made her, for a little while, obedient to the divinity within her; but when he began to speak of a definite engagement and a certain marriage-day, however distant, she broke at once the spell which had held her passive in his embrace.

"The thing is impossible, Antony," she said, sadly, but decidedly. "We might starve, but we could not live decently on fifteen hundred a year. My father has more than double that, and he never is able to make both ends of the year agree comfortably. Fortune forbids our bans."

"Oh, Nelly! Nelly! I begin to believe what Frank Foster told me—that you were going to marry that old lawyer who has bought poor Snowdon's estates. Nelly, are you not going to deny it? Speak quick! It is not possible—it is not possible! You cannot be so wicked and so cruel!" He held her hands tightly and looked fiercely into the fair, treacherous face. Little comfort there; only a cold defiance that, like polished steel, flung him back to the passionate love and amazement that almost stabbed her like a wound. Once convinced of her falseness, it was not in his nature to sue. This beautiful Judas had sold his and her own youth and hopes, and he would not again touch the hand which had taken so foul a price. She was amazed and confounded. Of such love as this she had not dreamed. All her intentions of soothing the parting with kisses and promises of eternal friendship melted like snow in fire. He would none of them—would not take the proffered kiss, nor see the white, beseeching face, nor touch the outstretched hand. He was gone, in a storm of outraged and indignant love, and Eleanor Raby knew very well that in that noble heart her image was evermore a fallen and a desecrated idol.

How wretchedly now the long, hot summer days went by! And in the midst of them Antony Vaughan disappeared from all his old haunts. Some said he had gone to India, others to America; but all soon forgot him, except the cold, proud woman in whose memory he wandered like an uneasy ghost continually.

Then, when the short, bright days of September came, the rich man who had bought Eleanor claimed his bargain and took it home to the little palace on Snowdon Heights. A bishop in lawn and silk ratified the transaction; her parents made a great feast; the world gave that assurance of approval which is powerful as the nod of Jove; but her own heart whispered all the time, "Thou fool!"

And when the *éclat* and excitement were all over, when life's dull, common way and dreary intercourse—brightened by no stray sunbeam of love—lay stretched in wearying distance before her, how bitterly she recalled the golden spring-time under the laburnums, when love glorified the meanest flower, and really "painted the lily and gave an added perfume to the violet."

For her husband she had no love, and with his pursuits no sympathy. He had been attracted to her by her great beauty, and had loved her at first with a strength of passion which she might by a little tact have made a firm and lasting affection; but she had taken no pains to please him, made no efforts to retain his admiration, so that she had no right to complain when time and possession robbed her of even this semblance of devotion, and she understood herself as held "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

And of Antony Vaughan no word or token came. The lands and home which had been his fathers' for five hundred years were sold to strangers, and Eleanor's heart lost its last hope—that of seeing him again. Time, which cares for none of these things, went on as if there were no breaking hearts, no ruined lives, and change and chance made and marred the happiness of millions whom he swept before him to their long home. I had only been a spectator in this little drama, and had simply watched it in that calm, complaisant way in which we do watch sorrows that in no way affect us. But, strangely enough, the last act of it was played out in my presence, and I was compelled by circumstances and sympathy to become one of the *dramatis personæ*. And thus it happened.

I was up among the mountains of the Colorado River in Texas, and our party, charmed by the exquisite scenery and strange and beautiful *flora*, wandered out of the proper trail. Sunset found us far from any human habitation, except a little log-cabin in the crevice of the hills half a mile below us. We supposed it to be the home of some freed negro, and descended to seek temporary rest and refreshment, purposing, as soon as the moon arose, to continue our way to the little village, not over ten miles distant. The door was opened to receive us before we reached it, and the splendid-looking fellow leaning on his gun within its shadow was Antony Vaughan. I knew him at once; every change was only an added grace; he was ten times handsomer than when I saw him last, laughing and hallooing, head and shoulders higher than any squire who rode to cover in all the glens and glades of Snowdon. He gave us broiled venison, strong coffee and hot hoe-cakes, and a welcome which added no little zest to his hospitable provision. After supper, when a couple of pipes had soothed and quieted our noisy mirth, I intentionally called him by his name. He dropped his pipe in amazement, and looked the question he could not ask. Then I told him who I was, and spoke of the dear, old town among the Westmoreland mountains. When bearded men weep, they need the ministry of angels; no human sympathy can reach such sorrow, and so I was silent until he had conquered his emotion. He asked of every one's welfare before he mentioned Eleanor, and then his voice was cold and indifferent; but his eyes contradicted his tongue, and his tongue belied his heart. I told him of all her cold, empty, neglected life, her faded beauty, and her listless, unhappy ways. And after a moment's silence, during which he literally trembled, with feeling he muttered: "Only just! A life for a life! Only just! And yet, poor thing!" And then he rose hastily and calling his dogs—of which at least a dozen were lying around—he left the hut, ostensibly to look after our horses.

During the next year we spent much time together, and I soon felt for him an affection "passing the love of woman." He was, indeed, the idol of a large section of country, and the leader in all hunting and Indian expeditions; for to these Ishmaelites of the frontier his very name had become a terror. Far as the eye could reach the land was all his own; immense herds of cattle and *cavallards* of horses roamed over the hills, and the rich bottom-lands yielded him fabulous harvests of corn and cotton.

"How did you make all this wealth, Vaughan?" I asked him one day.

"I didn't make a dime of it, Jack. Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered, and she found mine drifting about and took charge of it, that's all."

Then there was a pause. We were both thinking of Eleanor's mistake. He was the first to speak.

"I am going to-morrow to hunt up the trail of some thieving Comanches who have run off twenty of my best mares; like enough I may never come back again. If I am missing more than two days, hunt me up, old fellow, and bury me like a Christian."

He spoke half in jest and half in earnest, but an unaccountable presentiment of evil seized me, and I urged him to let me go with him. This he positively declined, saying that I "was not up to Indian yet, and would only increase the danger."

So early the next morning he went over the hills, accompanied by a couple of fine hounds, and carrying his rifle, leaving me in the cabin alone. I was singularly nervous and restless; and when, toward sunset, I saw a stranger climbing the road to our door, I was quite sure he was bringing bad news. What worse? Poor Vaughan had been surprised and surrounded by Indians;